
Title: Stones (Lyrics)

Author: Gwenno

Long ago ran the sun on
a folk who had a dream
And the heart and the
will and the power:
They moved earth; they
carved stone; moulded hill
and channeled stream
That we might stand on
the wide plains of
Wiltshire.

Now men asked who they
were, how they built and
wonder why
That they wrought
standing stones of such
size.
What was done 'neath
our shade? What was
pray'ed 'neath our skies
As we stood on the wyrd
plains of Wiltshire.

Oh what secrets we could
tell if you'd listen and be
still.
Rid the stink and the
noise from our skirts.
But you haven't got the
clue and perhaps you
never will.
Mute we stand on the
cold plains of Wiltshire.

Still we loom in the
mists as the ages roll
away
And we say of our folk,
"they are here!"
That they built us and
they died and you'll not
be knowing why
Save we stand on the
bare plains of Wiltshire.